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# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

JAN.



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# Help Uncle Joe - and Get Free Gifts!

Uncle Joe would like to find out from you certain facts about your personal habits, your likes and dislikes, which will help him edit a bigger and better magazine. The more he knows about you—the things you do, the things you enjoy, etc.—the better he can plan new mysteries, new funnies, and new departments for your enjoyment and entertainment. But, he doesn't expect you

to give him this information without getting something in return for your trouble. No siree! ! He has talked with several big companies and arranged to have them send you nice little gifts—valuable pamphlets, etc.—in return for a peek at the things you think and do about the types of products they make. Therefore, if you will help Uncle Joe to help you, he'll see that you get a

FREE reward. All you have to do is to answer the few simple questions in the handy coupon—making sure you answer each one truthfully and carefully—check the three gifts you would like to have sent—print your name and address—and mail the coupon to Uncle Joe. The sooner I get your coupon the faster I'll be able to send you your FREE gifts—so send it to me today!

## Simply Answer The Questions Carefully And Return The Coupon To Uncle Joe Today!

Dear Uncle Joe:

Here are my answers to your questions:

1. Do you own a camera? Yes..... No..... (Check correct answer)
2. If so, how often do you take pictures with it?
3. Approximately how many pictures did you take last year?
4. Do you develop your own pictures? Yes..... No..... (Check correct answer)
5. Do you expect to own a new camera soon? Yes..... No..... (Check correct answer)
6. Do you make or assemble model ships, airplanes, etc? Yes..... No..... (Check correct answer)
7. When did you build one last?
- When do you plan to build another?
8. What other types of models would you like to build?
9. What magazines do you read regularly?
10. What kind of books do you like best? Adventure..... War Hero Stories..... History Stories..... Invention Stories..... Detective Stories..... (Check correct answer)
11. How often do you buy (or receive) good books? Once a month..... Once in six months..... Once a year..... (Check correct answer)
12. What are your favorite hobbies? 1..... 2..... 3.....

Thank you for answering these easy questions fully and honestly. As a reward, please check any *three* of the items listed below, which are to be sent to you FREE in return for your help:

40-page sample copy of "Scott's Monthly Journal"—leading stamp collector's magazine. Contains latest news for postage stamp collectors; new issues, etc.

"Home Workshop Handbook"—14 pages of valuable advice on how to have a home workshop. Pictures of 24 articles on which free instructions for making are available.

36-page sample copy of "Model Builder"—10c de luxe magazine giving pictures, plans and complete instructions for building model cities, factories, wharfs, derricks, etc.

"Lionel Train Handbook"—52 pages in full color—showing pictures, parts lists, etc., of Lionel locomotives, trains, dump cars, trackage, signals, tunnels, bridges, freight cars, etc., as well as blueprints for their assembly and use.

For bicycle riders: handbook on "How To Ride And Care For Bicycles"—ALSO Cycle Trades Safety League membership button, card, and decal for bike.

Remington's valuable self-instruction book on how to typewrite well—6 easy lessons, 4 easy exercises. Includes instructions on how to operate and care for portable typewriters.

Now, just print your name and address carefully below and mail this coupon to UNCLE JOE, c/o Centaur Publications, Inc., 215 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Your gifts will be sent as soon as possible.

Your Name (PRINT) \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Number, brothers & sisters \_\_\_\_\_

*Uncle Joe—*

Editor

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF JUNE 25, 1907, AND JUNE 25, 1933, OF AMAZING MYSTERY-FUNNIES, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1939, STATE OF NEW YORK, 3 an

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State of New York, personally appeared Joseph J. Hardie, whose address is 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, and who, after being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the AMAZING MYSTERY-FUNNIES and that he is the owner, to the extent of 100%, and has and exercised a true management of the ownership, management and editorial control of the publication, and that the publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of June 25, 1933, and the several 252d Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse side of this statement.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, if any, are: Joseph J. Hardie, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Lloyd Joseph, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Harold C. Keeler, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the name and address of the corporation, if any, and the interest must be stated, and also, immediately thereafter the name and address of the individual or individuals who are the owner or owners of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual or individuals who are the owner or owners of the stock or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, and the interest of each, must be given: Centaur Publications, Inc., 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Raymond J. Kelly, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Joseph J. Hardie, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; E. L. Angel, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and security holders or persons owning or holding as trustee or in any other capacity, 10% or more of the total amount of bonds, debentures, or other securities of the concern, or if there are none, no statement.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, of this concern, and the names of the bondholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the concern, also, if the concern is a trust, the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary capacity; and if the security is in the name of a person whose trust or fiduciary power is in question, the name of the person entitled to exercise the full right and power as to the property, and the names and addresses of the stockholders and security holders, if any, who are also stockholders and security holders of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a trustee or fiduciary power, and also, if the security is in any name other than your own, the name of the person, corporation, or organization that, either directly or indirectly, holds the security, as it is registered by him.

JOSEPH J. HARDIE, Publisher  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1939.

HERITA M. HOLCUP, Notary Public  
State of New York, No. 15, Registered No. 18112  
Commission expires March 30, 1939.

# The FANTOM of the FAIR

by Paul Gustavson



NO, GRIMES!! I WON'T SELL THE COAL MINES IF IT TAKES EVERY CENT I HAVE!!

DON'T BE A FOOL, CARLTON! IF THESE EXPLOSIONS CONTINUE, YOU WILL LOOSE EVERY CENT YOU HAVE--AND THE MINES TOO!!



WELL, THEY WON'T-- I'VE SEEN TO THAT! ANOTHER THING-- THESE EXPLOSIONS HAVEN'T BEEN JUST ACCIDENTS AS EVERYBODY SAYS, THEY'RE THE DIRTY WORK OF SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO GET ME OUT OF THESE MINES!!!

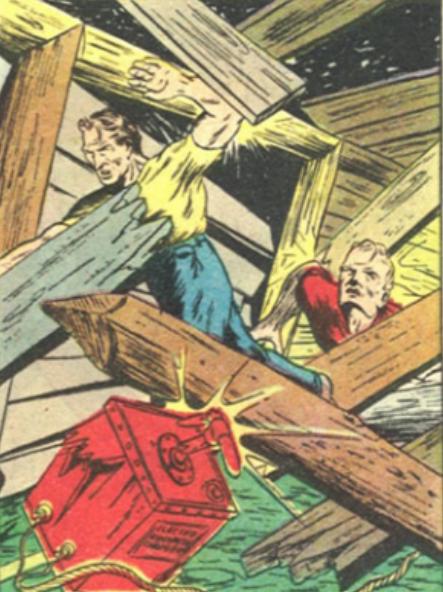


MEANWHILE  
IN  
"SHAFT A"  
OF THE  
CARLTON  
COAL  
MINES

AS HANK TEARS LOOSE THE BRIDGING ON THE SIDE OF SHAFT "A" !



AS THE TIMBER CONTINUES TO BREAK LOOSE AND GAIN MOMENTUM, IT STRIKES THE CHARGER TO THE DYNAMITE AT THE FORE-END OF SHAFT A.



A MOMENT LATER, THE MEN ARE TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO DEATHS --- A CAVE-IN IN FRONT OF THEM AND AN EXPLOSION BEHIND THEM.



MEN FALL LIKE FLIES IN THE MINE DISASTER



WHILE  
IN  
THE  
FIELD  
OFFICE  
OF THE  
CARLTON  
MINES  
•  
•  
•

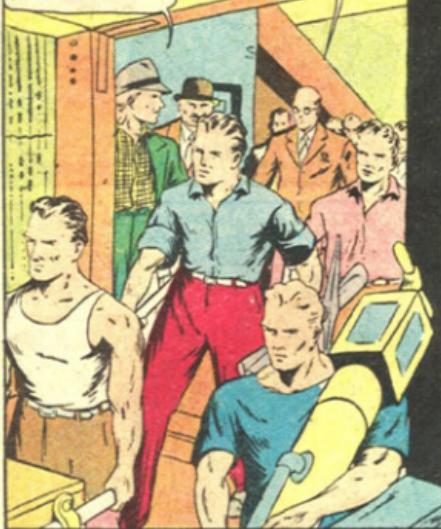


IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, THE EMERGENCY CREW IS LOWERED INTO THE MINE, FULLY EQUIPPED TO RESCUE THE MEN TRAPPED IN SHAFT 'A'....

'C'MON — GET A MOVE ON! DOC, THOSE AMBULANCES ON THE WAY??' YES — THEY'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR!!

CARSON TURNS TOWARD THE CROWD

IS THERE A DOCTOR AMONG YOU? WE NEED ALL THE MEDICAL AID WE CAN GET!!?

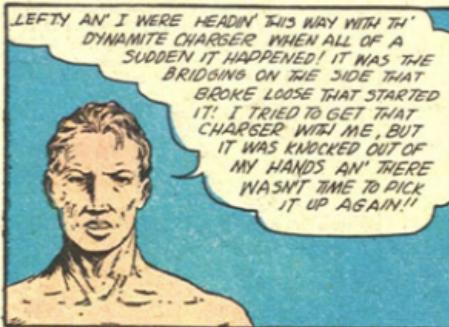


I SAY, THERE — I'M A PHYSICIAN! BEASTLY OCCURRANCE, ALL THIS!! HUH-?? OKAY! THANKS FOR HELPING US OUT!



WHILE DESCENDING THE ENGLISH SOUNDING DOCTOR MYSTERIOUSLY WATCHES GRIMES.





SHAFT "B" "E" AND  
"H"!! NOW GET  
BUSY - I WANT  
THIS BUSINESS FINISHED  
UP WITH ONCE AN'  
FOR ALL!!

THAT'S A PRETTY BIG  
JOB, BOSS. BUT WE'LL  
DO IT ALL RIGHT!!

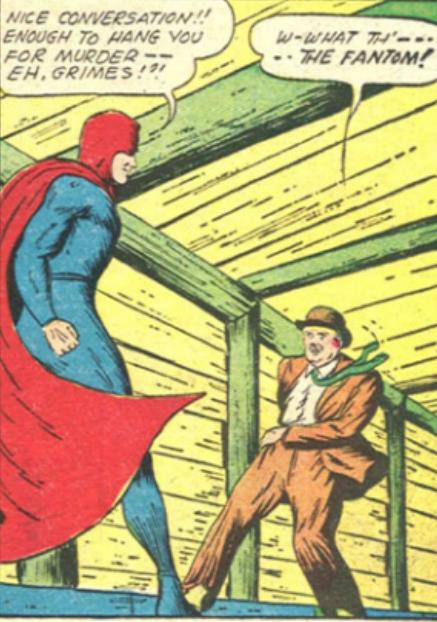
AS HANK AND LEFTY LEAVE, THE FANTOM  
STEPS OUT IN FRONT OF GRIMES!!

NICE CONVERSATION!!  
ENOUGH TO HANG YOU  
FOR MURDER --  
EH, GRIMES??

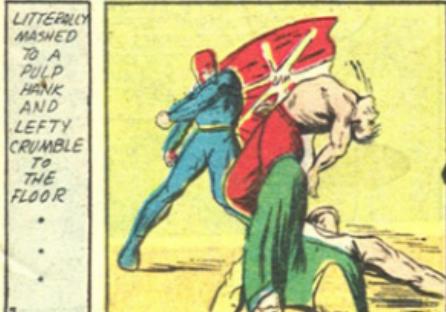
W-WHAT TH-  
-THE FANTOM!

WELL — MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!! THIS  
GRIMES IS THE ONE BEHIND EVERYTHING!!  
I'LL HAVE TIME TO TAKE CARE  
OF HIM BEFORE HANK AND LEFTY  
CAN SET UP THE DYNAMITE  
CHARGES!!

AS GRIMES DRAWS HIS GUN, THE FANTOM  
SPRINGS INTO ACTION LIKE A PANTHER....







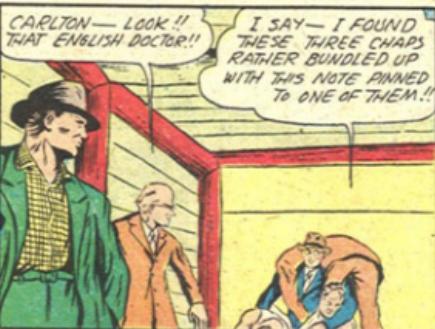
THE FANTOM RIPS LOOSE THE WIRE TO THE CHARGER AND PICKS UP HANK AND LEFTY !



MEANWHILE, THE RESCUE PARTY HAS BROKEN THROUGH TO THE ENTOMBED MEN!!

FOURTEEN MEN KILLED — IT'S LIKE A NIGHT-MARE!!

YES — IT SEEMS UNBELIEVABLE!! THOSE THAT LIVED WERE HARDLY SCRATCHED AND ALL THE OTHERS WERE KILLED INSTANTLY!!



RECKON YUH WON'T BE A NEEDIN' ME HERE, NOW THAT IT'S ALL SETTLED!!

HEY — COME BACK WITH THAT --- HUH?!! IT'S — IT'S — IT'S HIM!! THE FANTOM!!



# Daredevil BARRY FINN

BY  
TARPE MILLS



AW-- I'LL EXPLAIN  
SOME OTHER TIME--  
C'MON, LET'S GET  
DRESSED AND  
GO OUT!

MERIWHALE... IN WAR-TORN EUROPE... DACHA KAROFF PAYS A VISIT TO FRITZ VON HEIM, WEALTHY MUNITIONS MAKER...

BUT, FRITZ, I'VE GOT TO HAVE MONEY... NOW THAT MY FATHER IS GONE, I'M PRACTICALLY PENNILESS!

SO? MY DEAR DACHA, YOU MUST KNOW MONEY GROWS ON TREES... I'VE GOT TO CONSERVE WHAT MONEY I HAVE!

WHAT? WHY--YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, HAVE BENEFITING NOW!

ACH... NOT ENOUGH... NOT ENOUGH... THIS WAR MIGHT END VERY ABRUPTLY AND I MUST THINK OF THE FUTURE YEARS... OF PEACE!

HOWEVER, IF THE UNITED STATES COULD BECOME INVOLVED...

WHY, FRITZ, ARE YOU MAD? THAT MIGHT MEAN THE DOWNFALL OF YOUR OWN NATION! WHERE IS YOUR PATRIOTISM?

PATRIOTISM? BAH! I MANUFACTURE WAR MATERIALS, DON'T I? WELL, I WANT TO SELL THEM!!

H-MM... NOW, IF I WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN THE INCREASE OF YOUR SALES... JUST HOW MUCH OF A PERCENTAGE WOULD I GET?

NOW, MY DEAR. YOU'RE TALKING SENSE... YOU HAVE A PLAN?

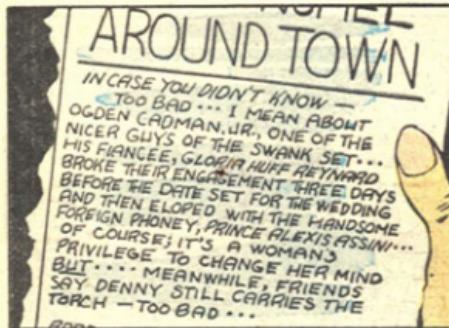
WELL, YOU SEE... I'VE BEEN TOYING WITH THE IDEA OF A MYSTERY SUBMARINE ATTACKING AMERICAN SHIPS... THE UNITED STATES MIGHT--SUSPECT YOUR COUNTRY AND SO...

BRAVO--I CAN ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR, YOUR FINANCIAL WORRIES WILL BE OVER!

A TOAST... TO THE SALE OF MUNITIONS!

IF YOU SUPPLY THE SUBMARINE... I HAVE JUST SUCH A CREW IN MIND THAT WILL BE REQUIRED... PROVIDED OF COURSE, THEY ARE WELL REIMBURSED... AND I, MYSELF, WILL SEE THAT THE PLAN IS CARRIED OUT SUCCESSFULLY!

2



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, SCREAMING HEADLINES ANNOUNCE



LIVIDLY OF THE FRIGHTFUL DISASTER...



LEAPING OVER THE SHIPS AFT, FROGGA DIVES  
INTO THE WATER...



MEANWHILE... FROGGA MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY--AS A HUGE SLEEK SUBMARINE,  
GLIDING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE WATER, PASSES DIRECTLY BENEATH HIM...



MAKING RECORD-TIME, FROGGA CLAMBERS  
UP TO THE DECK OF THE YACHT AND...



WHILE DENNY RUSHES TO SEND OUT AN S.O.S...  
BARRY PICKS UP A HEAVY, STEEL CROW-BAR...



JUST AS THE SUBMARINE STARTS TO RISE TO THE SURFACE, FROGGA SMASHES THE PERISCOPE . . .



BUT, FROGGA'S CURIOSITY IS AROUSED AND DECIDING TO EXAMINE THE INSIDE OF THE SHIP. HE ATTEMPTS TO PRY OPEN THE STERN ESCAPE HATCH . . .



SHORTLY AFTER, BARRY CIRCLE'S THE MARKER BUOY.



A SECOND LATER . . .



HAVING RESCUED AS MANY OF THE SHIP'S CREW AS THE LIFEBOAT WOULD HOLD... THEY ARE TAKEN ABOARD THE YACHT...



AS THE SEEMINGLY EXHAUSTED DACIA IS ASSISTED OVER THE SHIP'S RAIL, SHE WRAPS OUT A REVOLVER AND...



AS BARRY RETURNS WITH THE REMAINING FEW SURVIVORS...



SHORTLY AFTER... FROGGA APPEARS...

'ULLO! WHERE'S BOAT?

DACIA ZHAROFF BORROWED IT TO GO ON A LITTLE CRUISE... BUT, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?



OH, ME OPEN DOOR IN BIG BOAT - BUT, NO MUMMIDS IN IT... JUST WATER!

WHAT? SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MESS... YOU BIG LUG! I OUGHT TO BOP YOU ONE!



ALL RIGHT, ROMEO... START TOWING US TO LAND!! GET GOIN'... BEFORE I TAKE A BELT AT YOU!



ON A FEW MORE MILES... PUFF! PUFF!



# The INNER CIRCLE

by FIELD





57 Kensington Square  
London  
England

Dear Colonel:  
It has come to my attention that  
an old organization, known as the "Blue Hand",  
has again become active.

During the last few days, I have  
had a very interesting experience which has  
given proof that the "Band" is again acting  
in their old way.

Please send me all and a written  
copy to carry confidential matter.

IN REPLY TO  
HIS LETTER,  
TWO AGENTS  
ARE SENT  
TO HELP  
MURDOCH.



CARLOS - YOU LOOK SOME-  
WHAT LIKE AN ITORIAN.  
SO YOU'LL LEAVE FOR  
ITORIA AND TRY AND  
PICK UP WHAT YOU CAN.  
KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US  
AND WATCH YOUR STEP.  
LEAVE TOMORROW  
AS SOON AS YOU CAN.



MEANWHILE - MURDOCH AND SWEDE  
LAY THEIR PLANS.



MURDOCH AND  
HIS AGENT  
SPEND THE  
NEXT TWO  
WEEKS FOLLOWING  
THE BLUE HANDS  
AND UNDOING  
THEIR WORK.



THE "IC" MEN ARE SUCCESSFUL IN THWARTING  
THE BLUE HAND'S WORK, UNTIL ONE DAY  
LONDON IS ROCKED BY A BOMBING!

THEY MUST BE WISE TO US,  
PULLING A STUNT LIKE  
THIS.

THEY MUST HAVE  
TWO CREWS SET-  
TING THOSE THINGS  
OFF!

THAT SOMEONE  
AT THE DOOR?

CARLOS!

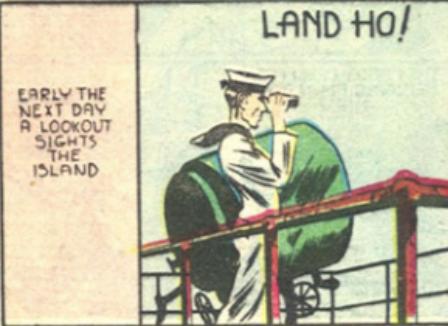
THEY LAID A TRAP... FELL  
FOR IT— HAVE A WHOLE  
ISLAND— LARGE— LOTS OF MEN  
LIKE LITTLE COUNTRY  
IN MEDIT...

WHAT DO YOU SAY  
MURDOCH? ISN'T IT  
ABOUT TIME WE  
CLEANED THEM OUT?

RIGHT!

THE AGENTS SWING  
INTO ACTION... AT  
THE MAFIOS' HOUSE,  
SWEDE IS FORCED TO  
DEFEND HIMSELF.

INSIDE OF THE  
HOUSE, ONLY  
TWO MAFIOS ARE  
FOUND, AND ARE  
TAKEN CARE OF.



LATER THE LANDING IS MADE AND THE ADVANCE PARTY SETS OFF.



A NATIVE LOOKING ON THE CLIFFS, SPOTS THE PARTY COMING INLAND.



THE ADVANCE PARTY LOCATES THE VILLAGE!



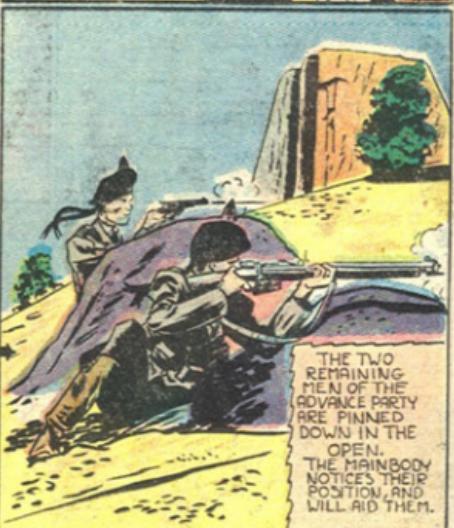
USING WELL KNOWN ROUTES, THE NATIVE HASTENS TO THE VILLAGE AND GIVES THE ALARM.



THE MAFIOS TAKE POSITIONS!



THE MAFIOS OPEN FIRE, BRINGING DOWN ONE MAN!



THE TWO REMAINING MEN OF THE ADVANCE PARTY ARE PINNED DOWN IN THE OPEN. THE MAIN BODY NOTICES THEIR POSITION, AND WILL AID THEM.



# TIPPY TAYLOR on FANTASY ISLE

A New Feature of Great Adventure In Amazing Places

BY George Loomis

THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF  
"THE METROPOLITAN TIMES"  
IN METROPOLIS, CALIFORNIA

A FORTUNE TELLER TOLD ME  
THAT I WAS GOING ON A LONG  
TRIP SOON. I DON'T WANT TO  
DISAPPOINT HER, SO LET'S GO  
UP TO MT. ARROWHEAD FOR  
THE ICE FOLLIES TONIGHT!

THAT'S A SWELL  
IDEA, TIP!



THIS IS TERRIFIC!  
SEND IN TIPPY TAYLOR!

I JUST RECEIVED A CABLEGRAM:  
THE WORST EARTHQUAKE AND  
TYPHOON IN HISTORY JUST HIT  
BORNEO AND THE EAST INDIES.

I WANT YOU TO COVER THAT STORY,  
TIP! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT FEATURE  
BEFORE ANY OTHER PAPER. YOU WILL  
HAVE TO TAKE A PRIVATE PLANE TO  
GET THERE IN THE SHORTEST TIME.



# TIPPY TAYLOR on FANTASY ISLE

A New Feature of Great Adventure In Amazing Places



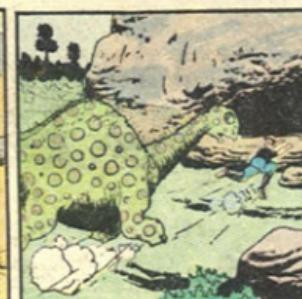
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# TIPPY TAYLOR on FANTASY ISLE

A New Feature of Great Adventure In Amazing Places



# THE FALSE MASK



A Short Mystery-Detective Story

By Ray Gill.

*The Man Of A Thousand Faces Couldn't Change The One Thing That Gave Him Away!*

**C**ALLING all cars . . . calling all cars . . . be on the lookout for 'Faces' Jeffre . . . escaped convict . . . five feet ten inches tall . . . weighs one hundred and fifty pounds . . . wanted for murder . . . last seen in grey prison uniform, but may be disguised . . . there is a reward of five thousand dollars for the capture of this man . . . dead or alive . . . calling all cars . . . calling . . ." "Faces" Jeffre clicked off the radio and turned to the men in the small, farm-house room.

"If those coppers think they're going to get me back in that stinkin' coop, they're nuts. I'm out this time for good. We'll just stay put here for awhile until this thing blows over, and then we'll take the dough and lam for South America."

He leaned back on the small sofa and confidently blew a shaft of cigarette smoke at the old-fashioned lamp on the table, and watched how it outlined the beam of light.

"We'll fight 'em with a bag of tricks those phonies never heard of before. I can make you guys up to look like anyone from the District Attorney to the President himself."

"FACES" JEFFRE, so named because of his trick of using his stage experience and his uncanny ability to distort both his face and his voice to ward off any possible recognition. He had been a clever actor in his prime, but when vaudeville became a thing of the past he had turned to the easy way of getting what he wanted. He had swindled and robbed, and as he fell deeper and deeper into the mire of crime... he had killed.

He had been arrested, tried, and sentenced to one hundred and ninety-nine years in the New York State prison. One month ago he had broken out by disguising himself as a prison guard and helped carry out a dead man. On the way to the city morgue, he had shot the driver and escaped in the hearse.

His three friends on the outside were waiting a few miles farther down the road, and it was there that the police had found the hearse with its extra cargo of death. The waiting car whisked him into a sparsely settled section of New Jersey, as prearranged, and there they are as our story opened.

"I SEE you've got all the ammunition we'll need if they find us," "Faces" continued, "and you've also brought along the make-up kit I mentioned. But, there's one thing you missed up on..."

"What's that, Boss?" The heavy man with the beard asked.

"Food! How do you think we can live without food? Spike, you and Jerry take the car and go find a place around here where we can get some supplies. But you've got to buy it... understand? We can't let anything draw the cops around here." The men shifted uneasily. "Well, get going... you heard what I said!" The fellow with the beard spoke.

"We... that is, me and Jerry don't think it's safe to show our faces around here. You never know who's going to spot you. They've got all the dicks in the country lookin' for us..."

"Why... you yellow-bellied... I might have known... I'll go myself! There ain't enough guts in the three of you to make one good crook! Give me that gun, and keep house for me 'till I get back."

"Wait a minute, 'Faces,' if you get caught that'll mean the end of us too... don't try it... you haven't got a chance."

"I haven't eh? Well, you just watch how a few brains will do the work of three stupid bodies." "Faces" unlocked the make-up box and proceeded to make up like a farmer.

There was an old pair of overalls hanging in the back room and to top it off there was an old Model T Ford truck in the barn. The make-up was complete with a few dabs of false hair on his face. He was the picture of the typical New

Jersey chicken farmer. The boys were pleased.

"You sure know how to fool 'em, 'Faces.' Your own mother wouldn't know you in that rig." And then he had left.

The Model T had started after a little coaxing, and a couple of miles down the road he pulled up in front of a small, high porched country store. He had the entire transaction planned in his head before he entered the store.

"No sense in takin' any unnecessary chances," he had told himself, as he edged up to the counter in a carefully studied manner. The young man behind the counter had brought everything he asked for without any hint of suspicion. The deal complete, he handed the clerk the exact amount and started to leave.

Near the door he stopped, laid down the large package, and took out the correct amount of change for a pack of cigarettes. Without a word he laid down the money, picked up the pack, and left. It had worked perfectly. The minute the Model T roared away, the young clerk grabbed the phone, called the New Jersey State Police, and calmly told them that "Faces" Jeffre was heading north on the state highway.

A WEEK later, in the office of the District Attorney, the New Jersey grocery clerk was handed the five thousand dollars reward.

"But how did you know it was Jeffre? We understand the State Police even hesitated to pick him up, so perfect was his disguise!"

"Well, for one thing, I thought it was kinda funny that a poor farmer like him should be buying so much stuff at one time."

"And what else?" The District Attorney asked.

"His hands. They looked too well kept to be a farmer. But when he bought the cigarettes, I knew he wasn't a native of that section."

"Why was that?"

"He was so exact about everything else, so when he gave me an extra three cents for the butts... I figured he was a New York guy, and thought of 'Faces' Jeffre right away!"

"That'll teach you that there isn't any tax on cigarettes in Jersey, 'Faces'... if you ever buy them again!"

THE END



# DON DIXON

AND THE HIDDEN EMPIRE

WHILE WAITING FOR LUGOFF TO WARN THEIR FRIENDS OF THE MARSHES DON WATCHES KUL AND HIS BAND FROM THE FOREST.

WHY DOESN'T TAAL GET HERE WITH HIS MEN? THE WATER FALLS EVERY MINUTE! SOON THEY'LL BE TOO LATE!

LUGOFF REACHES THE MARSH PALACE

DOCTOR! HE REMAINED TO SPY ON YOUR ALONE! KUL, WANDA! THEY BUILT WHERE'S DON! A DAM! SOON IT WILL DRAIN THE SWAMP!

IT'S DRAGMAR'S WORK! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE MUST DRIVE THIS WATER OUT OF IT!!

WE MUST DRIVE THIS WATER OUT OF IT!!

CAPTAINS! ASSEMBLE ALL YOUR MEN BEFORE THE PALACE! WE MARCH AT ONCE!

DON GROWS ANXIOUS AT THE PROGRESS MADE BY THE FENSMEN.

THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT! IF ONLY HAD A COUPLE OF MEN.

HEY! WHAT TH-

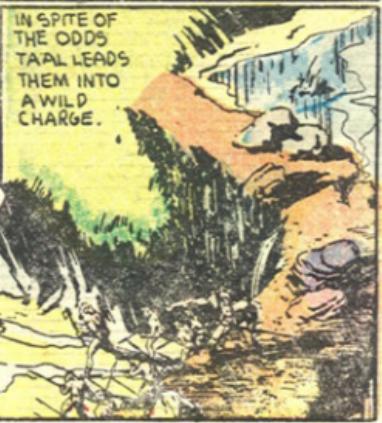
VIGO! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I WAS WATCHING YOU, LORD! DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU NEEDED HELP?

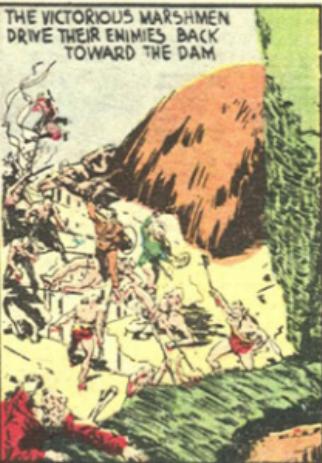
IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN LET'S THAN THE TWO OF US TO TACKLE THAT CROWD OUT THERE!

WILL THEY BE GO FOR MY RISK IT? THESE FENMEN ARE BRUTES!

THEY HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN WHAT THEY OWE YOU, LORD! YOU SHALL SEE



THE VICTORIOUS MARSHMEN  
DRIVE THEIR ENEMIES BACK  
TOWARD THE DAM



HOLD THEM! THEY CAN'T  
FIGHT IN THE AIR! THEY'LL  
WEAKEN IN A MOMENT!



DAGMAR'S PROPHESY PROVES TRUE.

GIVE IT UP, TAAL  
THE AIR FIGHTS  
FOR THEM! YOUR  
MEN WILL BE  
SLAUGHTERED!



NO, LUGOFF -- WE'VE GOT  
TO DESTROY THE DAM -- IT IS  
DEATH FOR ALL OF  
US -- IF WE DON'T!



COME BACK! NO SIRE, YOU ARE TOO  
WEAK! COME TO THE  
PALACE AND REST!  
ARE YOU  
COWARDS?  
ONE MORE  
CHARGE!



LUGOFF GIVES THE  
ORDER TO RETREAT. THE MARSH  
ARMY DASH FOR SAFETY IN THE WATERS

BACK AT THE PALACE  
(YOU'RE SAFE) AYE, BUT NOT FOR LONG -- WE  
HAVE FAILED! WE'LL BE  
CUT OFF AND TRAP-  
PED!



EVERYTHING ISN'T LOST YET -- AND WAIT FOR  
THE PALACE RESTS IN A KUL TO SUR-  
DEEP HOLE AND WE'LL HAVE ROUND UP  
WATER LONG AFTER THE  
MARSH IS DRY!!



SIRE, THE WATER DROPS! I KNEW IT! IT'S OUR  
LAST STAND! ALREADY TWO FLOORS  
OF THE TOWER ARE ABOVE THE TOWER!  
THE SURFACE!



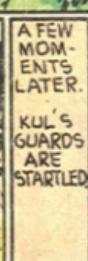
WHAT HAS HAPPENED  
TO DON, LUGOFF?  
HAVE THEY CAUGHT  
HIM?



ACH, IF HE IS STILL ALIVE  
HE'LL COME AND HELP  
US WANDA!







THE LITTLE FOREST PEOPLE WORK FRANTICALLY UNDER DON'S ORDERS TO DESTROY THE DAM.



GIVE IT EVERYTHING! IT'S BOUND TO WEAKEN!



LOOK MISTER!-  
LOOK!-IT'S CRACKING!



THE  
HUGE  
DAM  
SUDDENLY  
GIVES  
WAY



RUN TO THE  
BANKS. SHE'S  
GIVING IN!



AND THE PENT-UP FLOOD  
BOILS OUT INTO THE DRAINED  
MARSHLAND.



MEANWHILE

AT LAST, LITTLE MAN! I'LL SPLIT  
YOUR HEAD LIKE AN EGG!!



BUT AS THE FEN KING'S AXE IS ABOUT  
TO CRASH DOWN, A SCREAM FROM  
DAGMAR DRAWS ALL EYES TO  
THE NORTH.

AH-H!  
LOOK!



TO THE PALACE QUICK!  
SOMETHING HAS  
DESTROYED THEIR  
DAM!



TAAL, DEAREST YOUNG  
HURT!-AND WE  
ARE SAVED?

INSIDE, TANIA!  
WE'LL ALL BE  
SWEEP AWAY!



THE ROARING FLOOD BOILS DOWN UPON DAGMAR, KUL AND HIS FOLLOWERS AS THEY GO SCREAMING TO THEIR DOOM.



DON BIDS THANKS TO ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE DONE FAREWELL TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE. IT WAS NOTHING, MASTERS! THE FOREST PEOPLE ARE YOUR FRIENDS A SWELL JOB! ALWAYS!!



IT'S DON DIXON! YOU YES! BUT ALL SAFE! BUT ESCAPED THE FLOOD? WHERE ARE THEY BELIEVE THE OTHERS? YOU LOST!



DON TELLS HIS MARVELOUS! THE MARSHLAND STORY WOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED IF NOT FOR YOU.

YOU MUST ALL REMAIN WITH US ALWAYS!



WE HAVE NO FORGIVE ME! I HAVE RIGHT TO GROWN SO FOND KEEP THEM! OF YOU ALL!



THE KING AND QUEEN RELUCTANTLY SET THE ADVENTURERS ON THEIR WAY!

GOOD-BYE, MY FRIEND -- COME BACK TO US SOME DAY!



WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, QUEEN TANIA!

WE CAN'T, MAJESTY! I MUST FIND BUT I WISH MY FATHER AND GET WANDA TO IT! YOU HER COUNTRY! WOULD BE HAPPY WITH US!



LOOK, DON! OVER THERE!

WHY, IT'S VIGO AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE! THEY'VE COME TO SEE US OFF!



# The BULLET

by R.F.BUTTS

AS AN ADVENTURER-A MAN WHO, WITH HIS HIYDRA VALET, KHAN, HAS EXPLORED THE AMAZON JUNGLES, OPENED TOMBS IN EGYPT AND FOUGHT SAVAGE TRIBES IN MALAYA AND ON THE SAHARA---BUT FEW KNOW HIM AS A SCIENTIST.

FOR THE PAST YEAR THE NAME OF CRAIG STEWART HAS BEEN ABSENT FROM THE HEADLINES, FOR HE AND KHAN HAVE BEEN WORKING WITH

THE NOTED SCIENTIST, DR. RAYMOND VERNON, ON THE SCIENTIST'S SECLUDED ESTATE.....

THE STORY OPENS IN DR. VERNON'S HANGAR, WHERE A SLEEK BULLET-LIKE SHIP RESTS

WELL, DOC, SHE'S FINISHED--HOW ABOUT TAKING HER UP FOR A FINAL TEST FLIGHT???

THE SHIP IS ROLLED OUT ON THE FIELD. CRAIG AND VERNON CLIMB IN-- CRAIG PUSES THE SELF-STARTER--THE MOTOR CATCHES--BUT THERE IS NO SOUND//SUCCESS! AT LAST THEY HAVE GHOST TIME "BULLET" SWEEPS ACROSS THE FIELD--INTO THE AIR--...

AS THEY LAND, KHAN, CRAIG'S VALET, IS WAITING FOR THEM....



SHE'S SWEET AS A DREAM,  
DOC--NOT A WHISPER OUT  
OF THAT MOTOR!

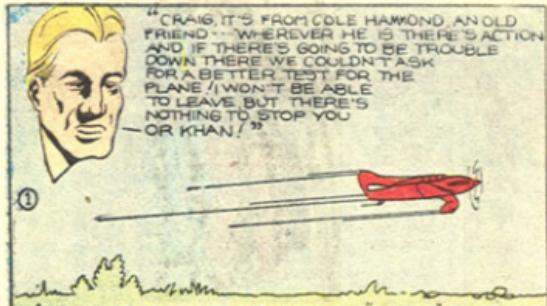


A CABLE-GRAM FROM  
CENTRAL AMERICA,  
DOCTOR!

CABLEGRAM\*\*\*

VERNON:  
COME TO NOVANIA ---  
OPPORTUNITY TO TEST PLANE ---  
SAY YOU WERE BUILDING ---  
REVOLUTION HERE SOON ---  
WORKING FOR NOVANIAN GOV

C. HAMMOND  
COSTA NOVA  
NOVANIA



AND SO AT DUSK THE NEXT DAY, THE "BULLET", CRAIG AND KHAN ABOARD, TAKES THE AIR, HEADED FOR CENTRAL AMERICA.

"STEWART? I'M  
HAMMOND-LET'S  
GO INTO THE HOUSE  
WHERE WE CAN  
TALK--33

LATER, AFTER THE BULLET HAS BEEN  
HIDDEN IN HAMMOND'S HANGAR ----

—WELL, HERE'S THE STORY—I'VE BEEN HIRED BY THE NOVANIAN GOVERNMENT TO STOP A REVOLUTION THEY'VE GOTTEN WIND OF---THE GOVT HAS DISCOVERED THAT PLANES HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THE COUNTRY AND HIDDEN---YOU SEE, THEY DON'T KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS---THE CHAP WHO PUT THEM WISE WAS ON HIS DEATH-BED AND DIED BEFORE HE COULD FINISH---

"BUT WE SUSPECT ONE MAN - CARLOS ESPADA - AN EX-ARMY OFFICER - HE HAS HAD TROUBLE WITH THE GOV'T BE FORE, BUT THIS TIME WE HAVEN'T A THING ON HIM - WE'VE SHADOWERED HIM IN VAIN. SO WE'LL ADD THEM.

WE LEASED TO DO  
THAT - HOPING HE'D MAKE A  
MOVE AND GIVE HIMSELF AWAY,  
BUT THAT HASN'T WORKED  
EITHER --- I NEED SOME HELP,  
AND THAT PLANE WILL COME IN  
HANDY - HOW ABOUT IT - WILL YOU  
TWO COME IN WITH ME?"

"YOU BET" SAID CRAIG--"BUT  
NOW LET ME EXPLAIN ABOUT  
THE BULLET"-----

HAMMOND TELLS THEM ESPADA IS CALLING ON HIM TONIGHT--FOR HE DOESN'T KNOW HAMMOND IS WORKING FOR THE GOV'T--WHEN CRAIG AND KHAN ARE INTRODUCED TO ESPADA, KHAN POSES AS A HINDU POTENTATE

⑧ BUT ESPADA SAYS NOTHING DEFINITE--AS HE LEAVES--"QUICK, KHAN! WE MUST FOLLOW THAT BIRD!"

ESPADA SEEKS INTERESTED, FOR IF HE IS TO HEAD A REVOLUTION, HE WILL NEED MONEY FOR ARMS, MUNITIONS, ETC. --"INTERESTING, MY DEAR RAJAH--WE SHOULD GET ALONG WELL TOGETHER!"

"GOING INTO A BACK ROOM ESPADA  
PRESSES A CERTAIN PANEL; IT SLIDES  
BACK, REVEALING A HIDEOUT." **15000**

A panel from a vintage comic book. In the center, a man in a bright blue suit and tie stands with his right arm extended, pointing his finger towards a woman in a red, one-piece swimsuit. The woman has a surprised or shocked expression. In the foreground, two men are seated at a table in a bar. The man on the left is wearing a tan fedora and a light-colored shirt, looking towards the center. The man on the right is wearing a green shirt and a green bandana, also looking towards the center. The background shows a window with green shutters. The panel is numbered '10' in the top left corner.

SECOND'S LATER, CRAIG AND KHAN ENTER -



LEAVING THE BAR-TENDER BOUND AND GAGGED IN A CLOSEST, CRAIG AND KHAN START DOWN THE STEEP, NARROW STAIRS.



3

CREEPING ALONG A SLIMY STONE FLOOR, CRAIG AND KHAN HALT BEHIND A HEAVY CURTAIN AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE WAY - WHAT THEY SEE ASTOUNDS THEM!



4

"GREAT SCOTT, KHAN, IT'S THE WHOLE GANG!" WHISPERED CRAIG. "BUT THOSE ARMY MEN ARE DISGUISED - DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE!"

BUT AS HE EDGES CLOSER, CRAIG SLIPS ON THE WET STONE FLOOR AND CLUTCHES THE CURTAIN IN FRONT OF HIM TO KEEP FROM FALLING - KEEN EYED ESPADA SEES!

"HEY... WHAT'S THAT - IN BACK OF THAT CURTAIN?"

5

"COME ON KHAN!" CRIED CRAIG. "WE'LL SHOW THESE BOYS HOW TO FIGHT!"

- THEY HAVE NO CHANCE TO USE THEIR GUNS!

6



5

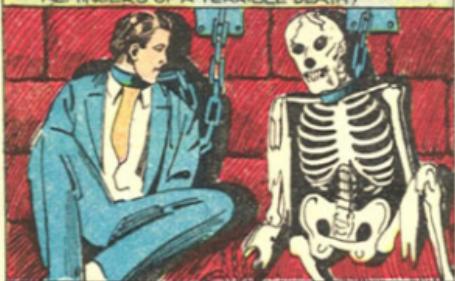
3

BUT BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS THEY ARE OVERPOWERED-----



SO - WE HAVE VISITORS - FOOLS! I WAS EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO THE DUNGEONS WITH THEM!!

AND SO THEY ARE CHAINED IN AN ANCIENT DUNGEON, NEXT TO SKELETONS STILL HELD IN PLACE - GRIM REMINDERS OF A TERRIBLE DEATH /



MEANWHILE, HAMMOND IS BECOMING WORRIED-----



LEAVING THE GUARD BOUND, AFTER USING HIS KEYS TO RID THEMSELVES OF THEIR CHAINS, THEY EXIT THROUGH THE PANEL ENTRANCE



KHAN HOW THE DEVIL ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT?

IN THE DUNGEON, CRAIG AND KHAN STRUGGLE DESPERATELY AS THE HOURS PASS ....



FINALLY, THE ANCIENT BOLTS GIVE WAY, AND CREEPING TO THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS, THEY OVERPOWER THE GUARD

SUDDENLY THEY ARE DISCOVERED!



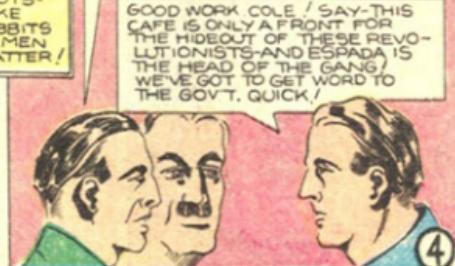
CRAIG FELLS THE MAN WITH ONE BLOW BUT HIS YELL BRINGS A HORDE OF HIS FOLLOWERS. ONCE AGAIN IT SEEMS THEY ARE TO BE CAPTURED BUT IN THE MELEE THAT FOLLOWS -

HAMMOND APPEARS!



HAMMOND FIRES TWO WARNING SHOTS - LIKE RABBITS THE MEN SCATTER!

WHEW! IT'S LUCKY I HEARD THE SOUND OF THE FIGHT - I'D JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP HOPE OF FINDING YOU!



CRAIG AND RAMOND REPORT THEIR FINDINGS TO CAPTAIN DE CORTEZ, CHIEF OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

① "SO YOU GUYS ARE GONE? -- SEE, CAPTAIN, WE'D RATHER YOU LET ESPADA REMAIN AT LIBERTY -- WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEIR AIR FIELD IS YET AND I'VE A HUNCH HE'LL LEAD US TO IT!"

② "HMM--VERY WELL, MEN--WE'LL DO THAT--BUT WE'LL BE READY FOR ANYTHING AT ANY TIME!"



-BY NOW THE GOV'T. HAS BEEN WARNED -- WE MUST STRIKE BEFORE THEY CAN GET READY--WE STRIKE AT DAWN!!



⑤ AND THE FIELD, HAVING RECEIVED ITS INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE GOV'T., INFORMS THE ARMY OF ESPADAS DEPARTURE

GOOD! NOW TO CONTACT STEWART--

AFTER GIVING HIS MEN DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS, ESPADA GOES TO A SMALL FIELD ON THE CITY'S OUT-SKIRTS -- HE TAKES OFF IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE

LET THE FOOLS FOLLOW ME--IF THEY DARE!



⑥ 7 TENACIOUSLY CRAIG CLINGS TO ESPADA'S TAIL--DAWN BREAKS--AN HOUR PASSES -- THEN ESPADA, UNAWARE OF THE BULLET HIGH ABOVE HIM, NOSES DOWN TOWARD A SMALL SQUARE IN THE GREEN ROOF OF THE JUNGLE--



CRAIG AND KHAN, CRUISING HIGH IN THE SILENT "BULLET," SPOT ESPADA'S PLANE AGAINST THE MOON, JUST AS THE GOV'T. CONTACTS THEM! "THERE HE IS, KHAN," DISPATCHER TELL CAPTAIN DE CORTEZ, "BE SET FOR ANYTHING!"



THE BURSTING SHELL MISSES THE PLANE, BUT A FLYING FRAGMENT KNOCKS CRAIG OUT!

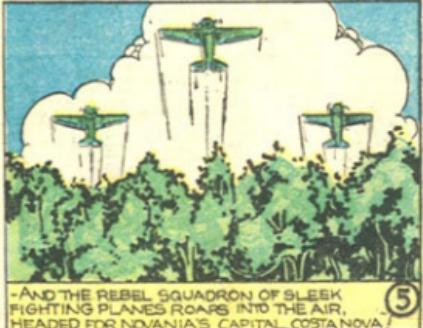
⑦ CRAIG SWOOPS LOW, AND A HIDDEN ANTI-AIR CRAFT GUN ROARS!

OUT OF CONTROL--THE PLANE GOES INTO A SPIN! KHAN MANAGES TO PULL THE SHIP OUT OF IT, BUT HE IS SO CLOSE TO THE FIELD HE IS FORCED TO LAND IN ORDER TO AVOID CRASHING INTO THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE!

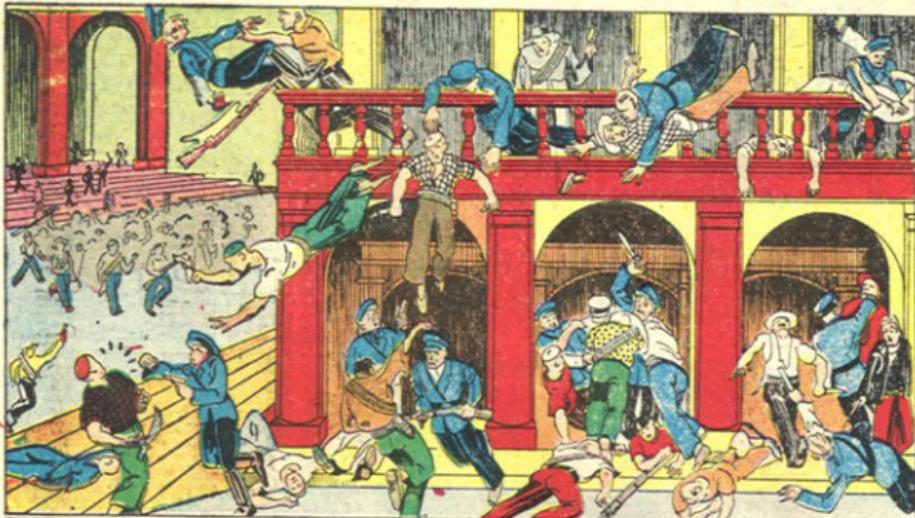
AMAZED BY THE NOISELESS "BULLET," AND OVERJOYED AT HIS LUCK IN CAPTURING IT, ESPADA GLOATS OVER HIS CAPTIVES--



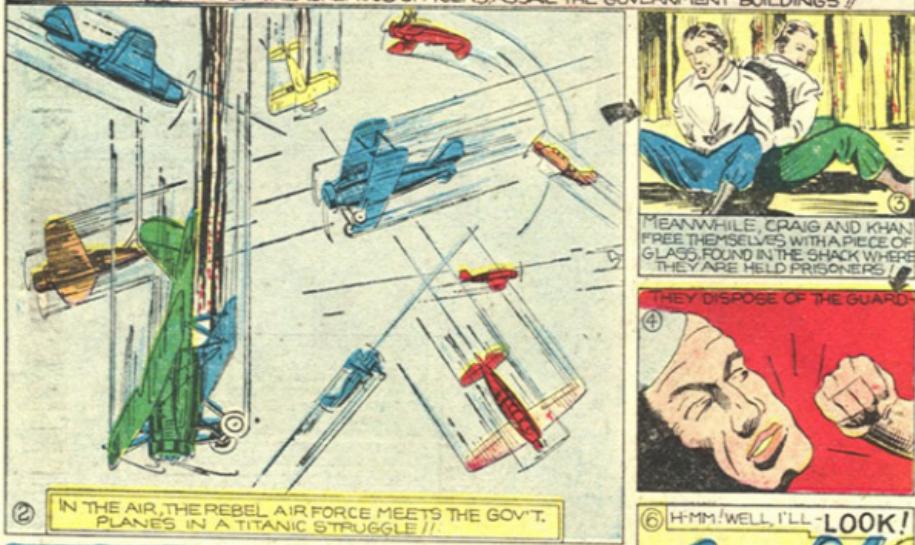
"THAT'LL MAKE A NICE TYPE SHIP FOR MY AIR FORCE--WHEN I'M IN POWER! I'M OFF ON A LITTLE BEND NOW, BUT I'LL ATTEND TO YOU WHEN I GET BACK!"



-AND THE REBEL SQUADRON OF SLEEK FIGHTING PLANES ROARS INTO THE AIR, HEADED FOR NOVANIA'S CAPITAL, COSTA NOVA!



AND IN THE CITY THE REVOLUTION HAS BROKEN OUT! DESPERATELY THE ARMY FIGHTS THE Hordes OF PEASANTS WHO, LED BY TREACHEROUS OFFICERS ASSAIL THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS!!



② IN THE AIR, THE REBEL AIR FORCE MEETS THE GOV'T. PLANES IN A TITANIC STRUGGLE!!



MEANWHILE, CRAIG AND KHAN FREE THEMSELVES WITH A PIECE OF GLASS, FOUND IN THE SHACK WHERE THEY ARE HELD PRISONERS!



④ H-MM! WELL, I'LL - LOOK!



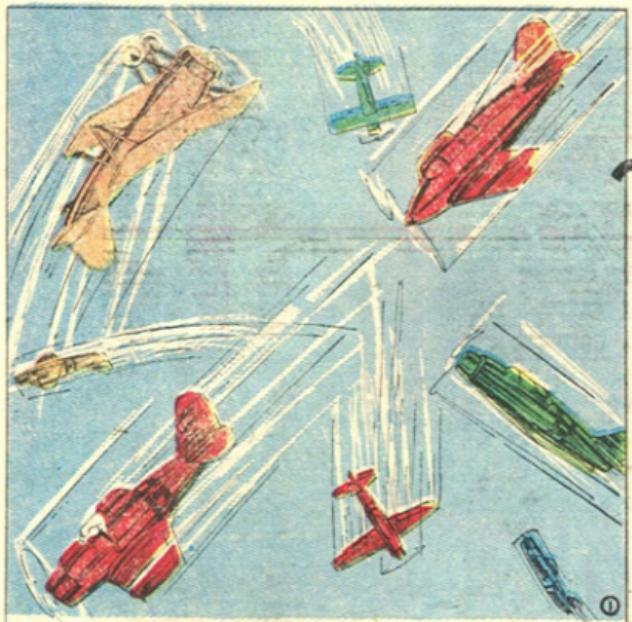
⑤ AND SEND THE 'BULLET' INTO THE AIR!



A GOVERNMENT OFFICER REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF  
THINGS LOOK BAD SIR! THE ARMY HAS LOST GROUND, AND THERE'S ONLY A HANDFUL OF PLANES LEFT!



⑥



② AND THE ARMY, HEARTENED  
BY THIS FIGHTS BACK SAVAGELY  
THOUGH VASTLY OUTNUMBERED  
---SLOWLY THE REBELS  
GIVE GROUND--



IT'S STEWART IN THE BULLET! LIKE AN AVENGING GHOST THE POWERFUL SHIP ATTACKS THE ENEMY, LEADEN DEATH STREAMING FROM CONCEALED MACHINE GUNS. THE FEW ARMY PLANES LEFT TAKE ON NEW LIFE--PERCIESS SWARM TO THE "BULLET'S" AID!

ESPADA POINTS THE NOSE OF HIS SHIP DOWN--THE ROAR OF HIS MOTOR SWELLS TO A POWERFUL SCREAM AS THROTTLE WIDE, HE PLUMMETS TO HIS DOOM!!

③ ESPADA, SEEING THE TIDE TURN, WHIPS HIS SHIP AROUND AND FLEES--BUT CRAIG SEES HIM! HE SENDS THE "BULLET" IN PURSUIT!



DESPERATION THEN FEAR SHINES IN ESPADA'S EYES AS THE "BULLET" CREEPS CLOSER--CLOSER--GONE IS THE BRAVADO NOW, FOR WELL DOES ESPADA KNOW HIS FATE. ONCE HE IS CAPTURED, AND SO HE CHOOSES THE QUICKEST WAY OUT--"YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, STEWART!"

CONGRATULATIONS, STEWART! YOU'VE BEEN INVALLUABLE TO THE NOVANIAN GOVERNMENT!

THAT SILENT PLANE IS A WONDER!

WE'D NEVER HAVE WON WITHOUT YOU

THANKS, HAMMOND--AND' YOU, COLONEL--DR. VERNON WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW ABOUT THE PLANE--BUT NOW--HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SLEEP, EH, KHAN?



⑥ NOVANIAN TRAITOR MEETS HIS END IN A ROAR OF FLAME!



⑦

# JON LINTON

flyer  
scientist  
adventurer

IT IS THE YEAR 2009 A.D.! JON LINTON'S SENSATIONAL NEW SPACE-SHIP IS NEARLY COMPLETED IN ITS HIDDEN HANGAR, DEEP IN AN EXTINCT ALASKAN VOLCANO, GUARDED BY OLD PROFESSOR KANE.

SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON BY BURKE, THE HEAD OF INTERNATIONAL SECRET SERVICE, JON IS TOLD OF AN ARCH-FIEND, CALLING HIMSELF "SATAN-REX", WHO THREATENS TO DESTROY THE EARTH BY HURLING IT INTO THE PATH OF THE SUN!...

THEY LEAVE IN A SWIFT ROCK-ET PLANE FOR TIBET, IN RESPONSE TO A MESSAGE FROM A MYSTERIOUS HINDU, LAK DAHL. LISA KANE ACTS AS NAVIGATOR OF THE SHIP...

ON ARRIVING IN TIBET, THE ROCKET PLANE CRASHES ON A MIST-LIKE WALL OF FORCE AND THEY ARE STRANDED. LAK DAHL FINDS THEM AND TELLS THEM MORE OF THE DANGEROUS "SATAN-REX"...

CHARLES  
CAMPBELL

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT 'SATAN-REX' AND THIS ERIC VON HOCHWALT ARE THE SAME MAN?

THE CONFERENCE IN THE WRECKED PLANE

THAT IS RIGHT, JON, BUT LET ME TELL YOU HIS STORY. TEN YEARS BEFORE EINSTEIN ADVANCED HIS FIRST THEORY OF RELATIVITY, THIS ERIC VON HOCHWALT WAS LAUGHED TO SCORN BY HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS FOR HAVING THE SAME IDEA! HE BECAME A WARPED AND EMBITTERED MAN, AND WENT INTO HIDING—

TEN YEARS BEFORE EINSTEIN? WHY, THAT MAKES HIM OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

AH, YES! BUT HAVING EARLY DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF AGE-LESSNESS, HE LOOKS NO OLDER THAN BURKE HERE... YOU WILL AGREE THAT I, MYSELF DO NOT LOOK MY NINETY YEARS OF AGE! THAT IS DUE TO THIS SAME SECRET! BUT I MUST NOT DIGRESS —



VON HOCHWALT AT LAST ARRIVED HERE IN TIBET WITH A GREAT FOLLOWING OF STUDENTS AND WITH NATIVE LABOR BUILT HIS 'CITY OF THE MISTS'... WHICH SURPASSES ALL OTHER CITIES, AND IS GUARDED BY THE GREEN MIST WALL, AGAINST WHICH YOU CRASHED. BUT... HIS BROODING OVER HIS HUMILIATION HAD MADE HIM MAD... HE BEGAN TO CALL HIMSELF 'SATAN-REX' AND BECAME DETERMINED TO DESTROY THE EARTH COMPLETELY!... HE PLANS TO ESCAPE, WITH A SELECTED GROUP, TO ANOTHER PLANET!.. I CANNOT STAND IDLY BY, AND SEE HUMANITY DESTROYED!... SATAN ALREADY SUSPECTS THIS, AND PLANS A TERRIBLE DEATH FOR ME....

YOU ALONE, JON LINTON, HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE NEEDED TO THWART 'SATAN-REX'!.. IN JUST TWO DAYS THE GOLDEN MAN IN THE TEMPLE WILL FALL, AND SET 'SATAN'S' MACHINERY INTO MOTION!.. HE- **LISTEN!** 

WHAT IS  
THAT?



OUTSIDE THE WRECKED SHIP RISES A STRANGE BLOOD-CHILLING SOUND,..LIKE THE HISSING OF A MYRIAD SNAKES...THE SKY IS A-GLOW WITH A STRANGE SHIMMERING GREEN LIGHT?

MY DOOM HAS OVERTAKEN ME! FAREWELL  
LINTON, MAY GOD AID YOU!...HERE ARE THE  
PLANS OF 'THE CITY OF THE MISTS'!

BUT I DONT UNDERSTAND!...  
WHY MUST YOU GO?...WHAT IS  
THE GOLDEN ~~MAN~~ MAN?

WAIT!...WHAT IS IT?...  
LET ME HELP YOU!... NO JON, NOTHING CAN  
SAVE ME,...AND YOUR  
LIFE IS TOO VALUABLE  
TO THROW AWAY!



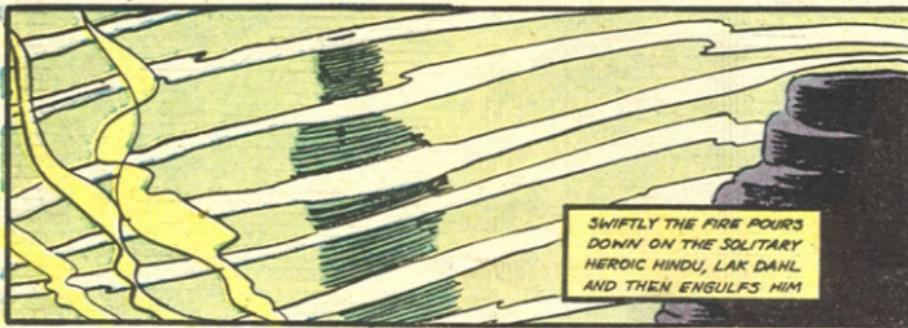
A HORRIBLE HISSING, WRITHING  
TONGUE OF LIQUID GREENISH  
FIRE CURLS DOWN OVER THE  
PASS AND INTO THE VALLEY



HISSING AND BOILING THE MOLTEN MASS  
SHEEPS DOWN OVER THE ROCKY CLIFFS!

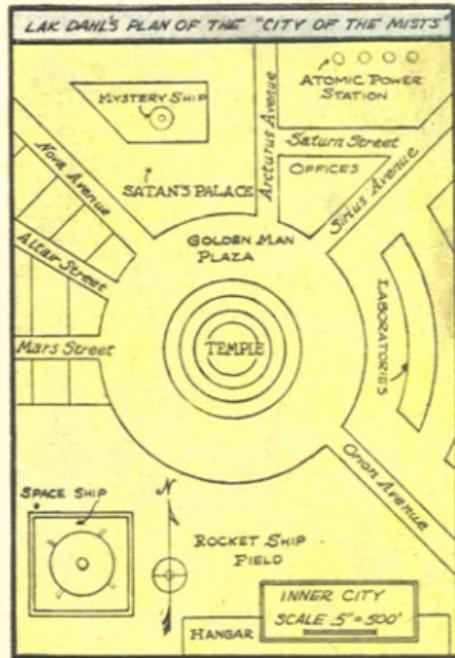


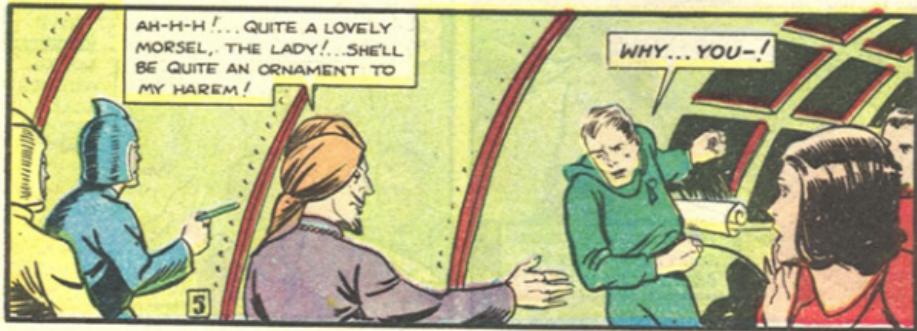
FAREWELL, JON LINTON!  
SWIFTLY THE FIRE POURS  
DOWN ON THE SOLITARY  
HEROIC HINDU, LAK DAHL  
AND THEN ENGULFS HIM



WHERE IS LAK DAHL?  
HE'S GONE, JON!  
OH, HOW TERRIBLE!  
HE DIED LIKE THE  
BRAVE MAN HE WAS IN AN  
EFFORT TO SAVE MANKIND!











SATAN-REX, AND HIS  
CAPTIVES SOAR HIGH  
OVER THE ANHM MAGBN  
MOUNTAINS OF TIBET



HEY!...LOOK OUT!...WE'LL  
CRASH THE MIST WALL!

OH NO,  
LINTON!



LIN-YAN!... SIGNAL THE  
MIST-WALL CONTROL TURRET!

IMMEDIATELY,  
SIRE!

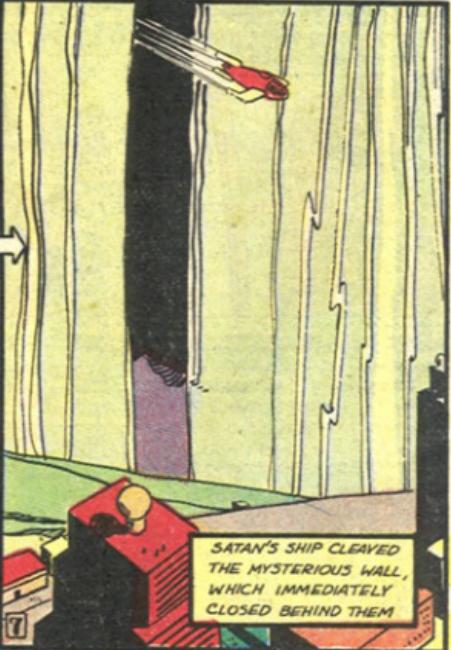


AT LIN-YAN'S SIGNAL, ...THE MISTY GREEN  
WALL OF FORCE TREMBLED, AND THEN PARTED!

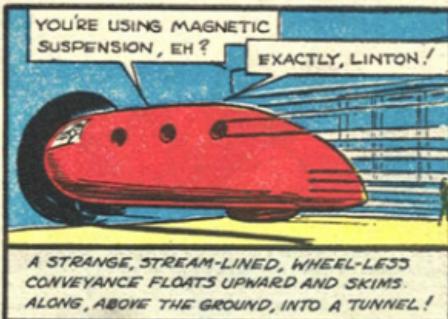


HOLY SMOKE!  
WHAT A PLACE!

SO YOU LIKE  
MY CITY, LINTON?



SATAN'S SHIP CLEAVED  
THE MYSTERIOUS WALL,  
WHICH IMMEDIATELY  
CLOSED BEHIND THEM



# STRANGER than FICTION!

—SIR BASIL—  
·ZAHAROFF·

SLEPT ONLY TWO  
HOURS A NIGHT

THE REV.  
CLAUDE BARTELL,  
PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER  
OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
WAS STATE  
POOL-PLAYING  
CHAMPION  
IN 1909...

Zaharoff ate only one meal a day, smoked all the time, jogged around his room a half-hour a day for exercise.

GERALDINE MOWBRAY  
OF CORK, IRELAND,  
WAS 7 YEARS OLD ON  
JULY (THE MONTH) 7, 1907.  
SHE HAD 7 BROTHERS  
AND SISTERS, LIVED AT  
7 HICKEY WAY STREET,  
AND HER FATHER'S TELE-  
PHONE NUMBER WAS 77...



BURTON NEWMAN  
OF SAN FRANCISCO,  
LOST A BILLFOLD IN  
THE EARTHQUAKE OF  
1906, HAD IT RETURNED  
IN 1932. IT WAS  
FOUND BY A MAN  
WHO WAS  
DIGGING UP  
HIS LAWN.

THERE ARE 23,000 SCHOOLS  
IN THE UNITED STATES WHICH  
HAVE AN ATTENDANCE OF  
LESS THAN 6 PUPILS...

GUARANI INDIANS (SOUTH  
AMERICA) DO NOT SEE THEIR  
WIVES OR HUSBANDS UNTIL  
9 DAYS AFTER THE  
MARRIAGE CEREMONY.  
(THROUGH TO INDIAN RELIGY,  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.)

DURING THE TIME SHE WAS QUEEN—  
MARY OF SCOTLAND ATE  
ONLY ONE MEAL EVERY  
TWO DAYS...

THE CANARY WHICH  
SPEAKS ENGLISH  
BELONGING TO ISRAEL  
BON OF LISBON,  
PORTUGAL...

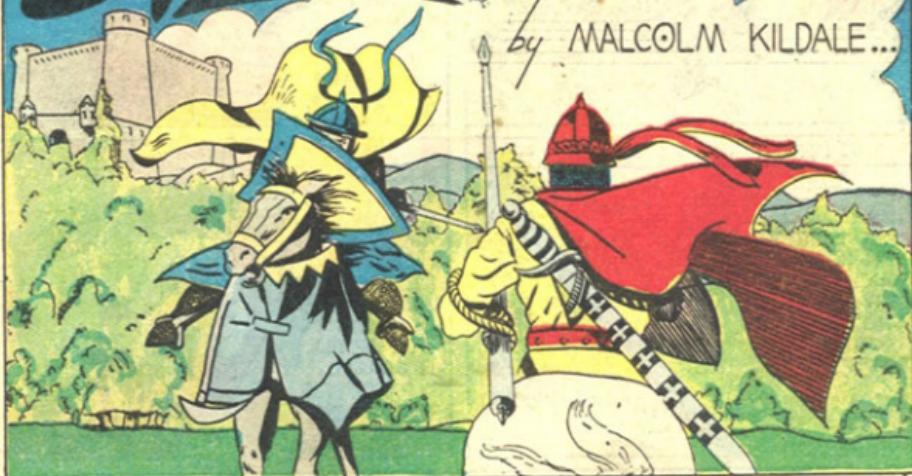
The canary has the same power of speech that is to be found in many cranes. As far as is known, the Bon pet is the only canary that has ever been taught to talk. It was trained by a United States Navy woman.

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Illustrations by Wm. W. Winkler

LINEOLINE

# Speed CENTAUR

by MALCOLM KILDALE...



"SPEED CENTAUR" AND "REEL MCCOY" AFTER EXPLORING SPEED'S HIDEOUT CAVE, DISCOVER AN OPENING LEADING INTO A STRANGE LAND, — ONCE THERE, THE PAIR WAS SET UPON BY THE "TEN KNIGHTS OF DOOM", WHOM THEY READILY DEFEATED, — THEY THEN WENT ON AND RESCUED A "PRINCE ALBERT OF AVON" WHO WAS BEING HELD PRISONER BY HIS UNCLE AND GUARDED BY THE KNIGHTS!

AS SPEED AND HIS COMPANIONS TRAVEL TOWARD THE CASTLE OF PRINCE ALBERT'S WICKED UNCLE, SIR MORBID,

PRINCE ALBERT — I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL REGAIN YOUR THRONE WITHOUT A WAR, — I HOPE!



MEANWHILE AS SPEED DISCLOSES HIS PLAN, — THE LEADER OF THE KNIGHTS OF DOOM WHO RAN AWAY WHEN HE SAW HIS BAND BEING BEATEN, CLATTERS INTO THE YARD OF SIR MORBID'S CASTLE.



QUICK — TAKE ME TO SIR MORBID, KING OF AVON!



LED BEFORE PRINCE ALBERT'S UNCLE  
THE KNIGHT CRIES OUT! — ...



WHAT? SPEAK  
UP YOU SNIVELING  
FOOL, WHO DID  
IT? — HOW DID  
IT HAPPEN? —



THE KNIGHT TELLS HIS STORY. —



TWEEPS YOU IDIOT,  
WHAT DO YOU THINK  
OF THIS?

HE'S MAD  
YOUR MAJESTY,  
BUT EASE YOUR  
MIND SIRE, AS I  
PLAY FOR YOU!



AND SO AS THE EVIL KING FORGETS  
HIS WICKEDNESS TO THE TUNE OF A  
JESTER'S SONG, WE FIND OUR INTREPID  
GROUP PAUSING NEAR HIS CASTLE. —



YOU'RE NOT AFRAID  
TO TRY MY PLAN  
THEN, PRINCE ALBERT?

NO, OF COURSE  
NOT, WAIT HERE FOR  
ME AND IF I'M  
NOT BACK BY  
NIGHTFALL YOU  
WILL KNOW I  
HAVE FAILED.



SO SAYING THE BRAVE, YOUNG  
PRINCE LEFT SPEED AND REEL AND  
ENTERED THE GATES OF HIS UNCLE'S  
CASTLE, — ALONE! —



PRINCE ALBERT IS BROUGHT BEFORE HIS UNCLE WHO EXCLAIMS,

OH? HO? SO YOU ARE FREE, EH NEPHEW?



SEEING AN OPPORTUNITY TO IMPRESS HIS COURTIERS WITH HIS SENSE OF JUSTICE THE WICKED UNCLE ANNOUNCES,

OF COURSE MY DEAR NEPHEW, I AM ALWAYS READY TO LISTEN TO A FAIR PROPOSAL.



—AND THE LOSER MUST GIVE UP CLAIM TO THE THRONE AND LIVE IN EXILE FOR THE REMAINDER OF HIS LIFE?



SIR MORBID WAS A COWARD AND FEARED THE YOUNG PRINCE'S ABILITY WITH ARMS, — BUT ACTING BRAVELY HE SPEAKS! —



NO UNCLE, I DO NOT MEAN FOR US TO FIGHT, BUT FOR YOUR STRONGEST

KNIGHT, TO PIT HIS POWER AGAINST SOME KNIGHT I CHOOSE!



QUICK TO GRAB THE OPPORTUNITY, SIR MORBID CRIES OUT! —



PRINCE ALBERT LEAVES THE CASTLE  
AND RETURNS TO SPEED AND REEL.

EVERY THING'S ALL SET—  
HE HAS AGREED TO OUR  
PLAN AND TOMORROW IS  
THE DAY FOR THE CONTEST  
SO LET'S GET SOME  
SLEEP.



AFTER SIR MORBID SEATS HIMSELF  
IN THE PAVILION TO THE BLARE OF  
TRUMPETS, THE STARTER ANNOUNCES  
THE RULES OF THE CONTEST.—

— AND EACH CONTESTANT  
SHALL CHARGE FORTH THE  
OBJECT BEING TO UNSEAT  
HIS OPPONENT.



AS THEY CHARGE TOWARD EACH  
OTHER THE CROWD GASPS AT  
THE SIGHT OF SUCH A STRANGE FIGURE.



THE NEXT MORNING THE TOURNAMENT  
FIELD IS BEING MADE IN READINESS  
FOR THE GREAT DUEL.



THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN, THE TENT  
FLAPS PULLED BACK AND BOTH  
CONTESTANTS CHARGE FORTH.



TRAVELING WITH THE FORCE AND  
POWER OF A FAST MOVING TRAIN,  
SPEED MEETS THE ON-RUSHING  
KNIGHT AND QUICKLY UNSEATS HIM.



AFTER SPEED WON THE CONTEST,  
PRINCE ALBERT APPEARS BEFORE  
HIS UNCLE, CLAIMING HIS RIGHTS.

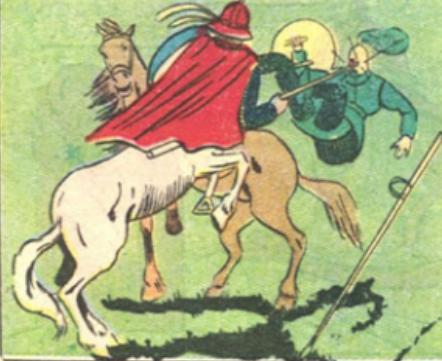
UNCLE ARE YOU  
PREPARED TO  
RETURN MY  
THRONE TO ME?



THE WICKED KNIGHTS OF SIR  
MORBID CHARGE ACROSS THE  
FIELD AT SPEED AND REEL! ...



MANY A KNIGHT FELL BEFORE  
HE KNEW WHAT HIT HIM, FOR  
SPEED STRUCK FAST AND FURIOUSLY.



AS THE FIRST OF THE KNIGHTS  
BEAR DOWN ON THEM, SPEED  
HANDLES HIS LANCE LIKE A BAT AND  
KNOCKS THEM SPINNING! —



REEL WASN'T ANY SLOUCH EITHER,  
HE HANDLED A MACE WITH DEADLY  
FORCE! —



REALIZING HIS KNIGHTS ARE LOSING THE BATTLE, — SIR MORBID FLEES WITH HIS BODYGUARD, TAKING PRINCE ALBERT WITH THEM AS PRISONER!



THE FEW REMAINING KNIGHTS TURN AND FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES.





KNOWING THEY WILL BE  
SEEN BY SIR MORBID,  
SPEED AND REEL WALK  
BRAZENLY TOWARD THE  
HILL.



AS THEY APPROACH,  
SIR MORBID CALLS TO  
THEM FROM A TURRET  
ATOP THE CASTLE. —



WELL YOU DOGS,  
YOU CAN HAVE  
HIM!



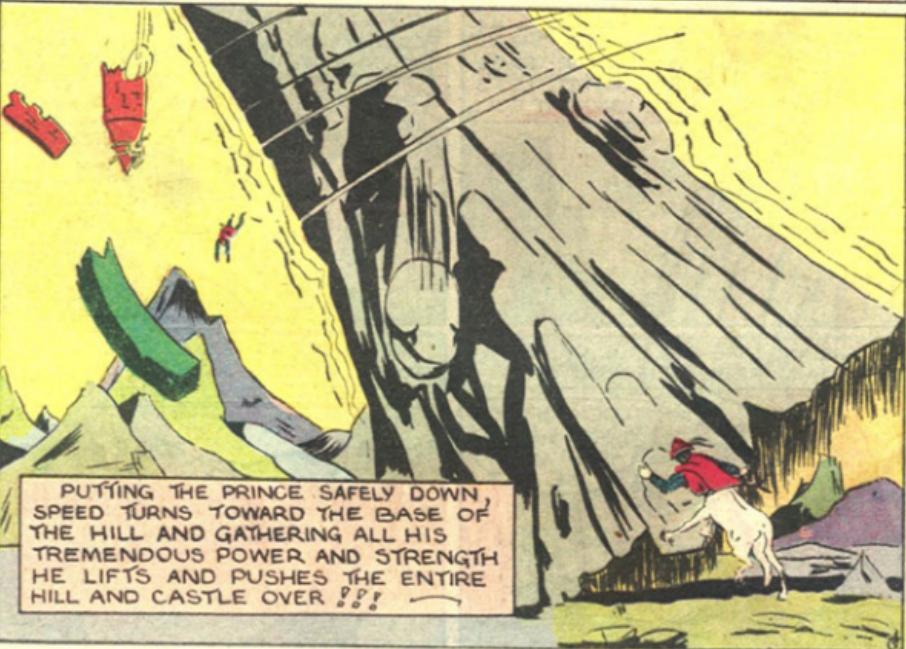
SO SAYING SIR MORBID GIVES A  
SIGNAL AND PRINCE ALBERT  
IS HURLED FROM ATOP THE CASTLE  
TO THE GROUND HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW.



WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP SPEED  
IS IN THE AIR AND CATCHES THE PRINCE  
AS HE FALLS, TO THE AMAZEMENT  
AND ANGER OF SIR MORBID.



PUTTING THE PRINCE SAFELY DOWN,  
SPEED TURNS TOWARD THE BASE OF  
THE HILL AND GATHERING ALL HIS  
TREMENDOUS POWER AND STRENGTH  
HE LIFTS AND PUSHES THE ENTIRE  
HILL AND CASTLE OVER !! —



WELL THAT'S THE END  
OF SIR MORBID AND  
HIS GANG!

YES, THANKS  
TO YOU AND YOUR  
GREAT STRENGTH  
MY FRIEND



HOW DID YOU GET UP  
TO THAT CASTLE?

THE CASTLE  
GUARD LET DOWN A  
HUGE LIFT AND  
HOISTED US UP.



BUT COME MY FRIENDS, I MUST  
RETURN TO MY THRONE AND LET  
THE PEOPLE KNOW THEIR RULER  
IS WITH THEM ONCE MORE.



THERE WAS GREAT REJOICING  
THROUGH-OUT THE LAND AS  
MANY OF THE HERALDS  
ANNOUNCED THE RETURN OF PRINCE  
ALBERT AS RULER OF AVON.



AT THE CASTLE!

AND YOU MY TWO GOOD  
FRIENDS, MUST STAY  
WITH ME.



NO PRINCE ALBERT,  
WE MUST RETURN  
TO OUR OWN LAND,  
WE HAVE BEEN  
GONE A LONG TIME.



SO SAYING SPEED AND REEL  
LEAVE THE LAND OF AVON AND  
JOURNEY BACK TO NOB NOSE  
MOUNTAIN OUTSIDE THE "CITY OF  
RACKET".



NEXT MONTH  
"SPEED CENTAUR"  
HAS ANOTHER ACTION  
PACKED ADVENTURE  
DON'T MISS IT !!!

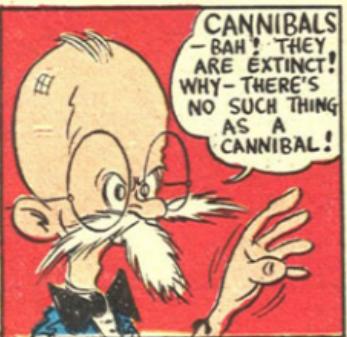
# ADAM

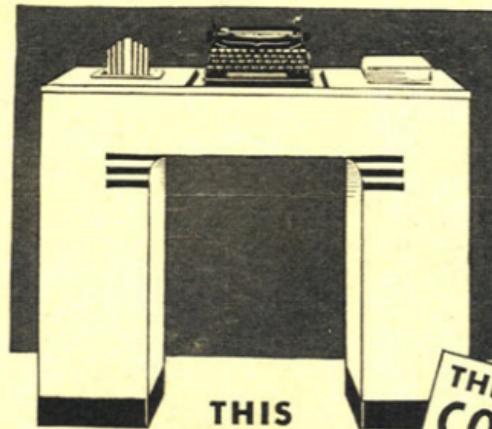


THE ATOM

SMASHER

WOW!! ADAM'S GADGET IS CAUSING THE EARTH TO SPIN AT TERRIFIC SPEED !! EVERYTHING'S FLYING OFF! WILL HE BE ABLE TO STOP IT??





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